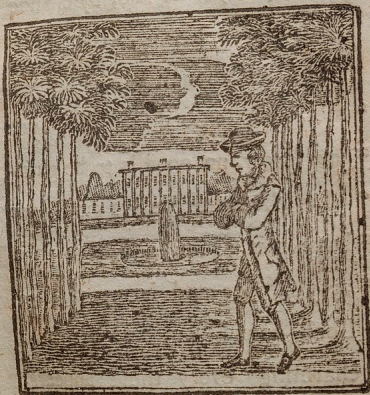


wood, entered a spacious plain, with a large building in full view, the windows of which were filled with lights, and the roofs rang with music.

Transported with joy, he hastened towards it, having first drank of a fountain which presented itself to him unexpectedly, and revived his weary spirits. He proceeded to this palace by a walk lined on either side with trees, that were hung with lamps of different colours, that shed a beautiful light, whilst

whilst nightingales sang among the branches.



Pleasure, with eagerness, we view ;
But guilty pleasure ne'er is true.

And